

BROADWAY NIGHTS

A vintage-style illustration of a woman with short, wavy brown hair and red lipstick, wearing a leopard-print strapless bikini. She is posed dramatically, leaning back with one arm raised and pointing towards the top right corner. She appears to be standing on the edge of a dark, silhouetted skyscraper. Behind her is a large, bright, circular full moon. The background is a deep blue night sky with faint outlines of other city buildings and lights at the bottom.

March
25 cents

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**Babe of
Broad's Way**

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BROADWAY NIGHTS



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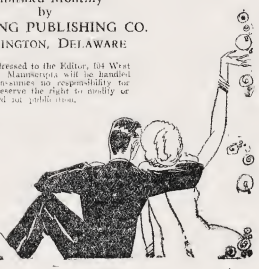
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Published Monthly
by
THE KING PUBLISHING CO.
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

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The "Yes" Man

EVERY-

BODY
along
Edison
Street
figured Ben

Levis, the producer of thigh-knee-and-knuckle operas, as being a pretty wise somebody. Coming in contact as Levis did with Broadway's most beautiful girls, he managed to keep free of scandal and was supposed to be a good husband and a happy father.

But some of the

wiseacres had it different. Those really in the know laughed whenever they heard Levis praised. The patent leather pinkies and the sharpshooters knew that the morals of Mr. Benjamin Levis rested more or less upon the capable shoulders of Eddie Kershaw.

Eddie, ostentatiously Levis' private secretary, was in reality the producer's "yes-man"

Broadway knew her as a "no" baby, and him as the Rialto's cleverest "yes" man. What happened when they met?

She might well have been the mythical Venus, foam born and sea risen.

and the "No" Girl

and guardian angel.

One morning late in February, Eddie Kershaw went into the big, impressive office of his employer. Levis was busy casting for a new music drama entitled "Not Tonight, Marjorie!". The producer was up to his chin in work.

"Some fraulein tagged Betty Hart," Kershaw murmured, dropping a card on the desk.

"Says she has an appointment with you."

Levis lifted his gaze. He was small, swarthy and rotund.

"Never heard of her. Tell her to come back next summer."

"I've seen her before," Kershaw continued. "In

By
Kelly
Abbott

The "Yes" Man

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fact, I believe you did write her down for a date. She's a swell looking little girl, take it from me."

The producer laid his fountain pen down, pushed aside a stack of water-colored costume plates and struck a match for his cigar.

"A looker, eh? And I got an appointment with her? How old?"

"Eighteen or eighty." Kershaw laughed. "You should ask me, boss."

"What kind of a part is she after? If she's a soprano tell her to take it on the lam. Hit her on the back of the head with a

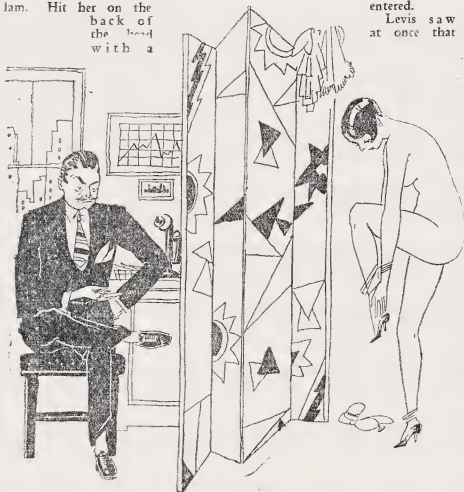
chair if she don't go. I'm sick and tired of sopranos. The only dames who ever come here are sopranos. They're as bad as blondes."

"This little woman," Eddie Kershaw explained, "wants a job in the Fountain Scene. She poses in the nude."

"Well, why didn't you say that before? Send her in. I'll take a slant at her."

Kershaw retired and a few minutes later Betty Hart entered.

Levis saw at once that



Levis watched the screen while behind it Betty stepped out of her last garment and looked at her glowing, perfect body.

his young employee had not made any mistake. The girl with her titian hair, her purplish eyes and her fine, creamy complexion was the last word in beauty. She wore a fur coat of some dubious peltage that concealed her figure. And she had a warm, confident little smile.

"You wanted to see me, Miss Hart?" Levis frowned. "I don't remember making any appointment with you. Did I?"

"Last Tuesday," she said in a rich contralto voice. "You told me if I'd come back today you'd tell me whether or not you could use me for the part of Venus in the Fountain Scene."

The shrewd eyes of Ben Levis narrowed. He knew now the girl was not telling the truth. He had said nothing to anyone about the part of Venus because he had reserved it for a certain French girl who was coming over on one of the liners.

Levis, his gaze wandering over her, smiled to himself.

"I said that, too? All right, baby. You're the doctor. Strip and let me take a look at you. I'll tell you in two minutes then whether or not I can use you as Venus in the Fountain Scene. Hop to it!"

Betty Hart blushed faintly.

"But I don't want to undress in front of you. Haven't you a screen, Mr. Levis?"

The producer thumbed a bell button beside him. When Kershaw looked in Levis told him to go fetch a screen. Eddie Kershaw brought one in and set it up in the corner. As he went out Levis gave him a significant look and Kershaw nodded slightly.

"Now go and undress, girlie."

Betty Hart retired behind the screen. Levis sat motionless, listening. The tiny thud of her slippers, the sound of fastenings being unhooked, the jingle of garters and the whisper of silk.

His cigar went slowly out.

Behind the screen, Betty Hart piled

her dress on top of her fur coat. On that she placed the brassiere that had supported her round, pink breasts. Her garter girdle followed and then she stepped out of her filmy, lace-edged step-ins and looked at her glowing, perfect body.

There were marks left by the step-ins around her waist. She tried to



rub them out but she couldn't.

"What are you doing back there?" the voice of Ben Levis asked.

"I'm ready now," she answered a trifle unsteadily.

"Then come on out!"

Levis watched the screen. A long minute passed before the girl stepped from its protecting shelter and stood posed against it. Through the producer ran a sudden, quick surge of interest. He had looked at dozens of unclothed young ladies but he was quite sure he had never, in years, beheld the youthful, budding perfection of this girl with the titian hair and the purple eyes.

She was slender but marvelously developed. Her breasts were full if virginal. Her hips were flat and her legs wonderfully rounded and straight. What appealed to Levis was her unblemished skin. Save for the red mark around her waist she might well have been the mythical Venus, foam-born and sea-risen.

Slowly, Levis got up and walked over to her. He circled her, championing on his cigar and eyeing her as if she was some flawless piece of statuary. He felt his blood growing hot

*"How about
my reward?
Say about
eleven
thirty?"*



and turbulent. Ideas, plans began to crowd into his mind.

"Sweet and nifty!" he said.

"Will you give me the part?"

Betty Hart murmured anxiously.

Levis smiled faintly.

"I might—"

"Might?"

"On conditions. You're a peach of a looking broad. You've got a figure that's O. K. But I never hand out jobs to lookers without getting a little something in return. Listen. I won't be busy for the next hour. How about a little love?"

"No!" Betty Hart said decidedly.

"A little love," Levis purred per-

suasively, "and then a nice big contract."

"No!" she repeated steadily.

The producer's swarthy face darkened.

"So you're one of them 'no' babies, eh? Well, if that's the case, get your clothes on and hit the street. But wait—I'm going to get something for being interrupted and lied to. Something like this!"

He caught her in his arms, dodged the swing of her open hand, picked her up and carried her over to a couch on the far side of the room. Before Levis reached it, however, she had broken loose from him and was

unleashing a volume of Rialto patois. Gone, instantly, was her air of gentle innocence, breeding and refinement.

"You cheap little heel!" Betty Hart sneered. "Trying to make me! You've got as much chance as a spark on a tin roof! Why, I wouldn't love you if you gave me six of your theatres and threw in the scenery! You're a sawed-off half portion of chimp! Believe me, I got you where I want you, too! If you don't hand me a contract for the Venus part I'll make a fuss right now that'll walk you into the police station!"

Levis, his expression inscrutable, lifted his brows.

"Yeah? What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to raise particular and merry hell. I'm going to let Broadway know how you made me take my clothes off and then tried to attack me! Believe me, this time tomorrow you won't have enough reputation left to make a topcoat for a horsefly! Come on, chirp. Do I get the contract now or do I raise a racket?"

In reply Levis nodded over to a door that stood half ajar. He began to grin.

"Wait a minute. See that door over there? Notice it's open? My secretary left it that way on purpose. Oh, Eddie!" he called.

In reply, Kershaw came briskly in. At least a dozen times in the past year Levis had called, Eddie Kershaw had obeyed and a dangerous situation had been quickly ended.

"This frail's trying to slip the old stuff over," Levis said briefly. "She wants a contract for the Fountain Scene."

"I get it, too!" Betty Hart cried sibilantly.

"No, you don't, dearie!" Levis indicated Kershaw. "Eddie, here, heard everything that went on in here. Eddie knows it's all a bluff. Eddie is willing to testify in any court that I didn't lay a hand on you. Aren't you, Eddie?"

Kershaw, the cleverest of all Rialto

"yes-men," shook his head slowly. "No!"

Ben Levis fell back a step.

"What?" he stammered.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Levis," Kershaw continued coolly. "I can't help you out this time. I not only heard but I saw what went on in here. Miss Hart is perfectly right. From the instant she stepped from behind the screen you tried every way to make her yield to you. I'm ready and willing to testify in Miss Hart's favor—if necessary."

Levis, recovering a trifle of his equanimity, shrugged. After all, he could find some place for the French mademoiselle when her ocean terrier docked.

"Get dressed!" he said to Betty Hart. "Get me a blank contract," he directed Kershaw. "Fill it out and put this jane's name on it. She's a dirty little rat but she's got the kind of a shape I want in the show. I guess that's all."

"Not quite," Kershaw murmured. "While you're giving her a contract you can give me one at the same time. I don't want to lose my job here. I'll draw it up and you can sign it."

Levis drew his lips back over his teeth.

"I'll give you—"

"It isn't too late for me to squawk yet!" the voice of Betty Hart said from behind the screen. "Do what the kid says or our deal is off!"

"Do I get it, boss?" Kershaw inquired.

"Go to—to get it!" Ben Levis snapped.

Some twenty minutes later a fur-coated Betty Hart walked through Kershaw's adjoining office. He politely opened the door for her and, with a glance back over his shoulder, followed her out into the public hall.

"Well, it worked," Kershaw whispered. "How about my reward? Do you want me to come and see o'clock?"

you tonight? Say, about eleven

The girl's purple eyes widened innocently.

"What do you mean — reward? Reward for what? I never promised you anything in all my life. Besides, you can't come at eleven tonight."

Eddie Kershaw looked at her wit-

lessly.

"No?"

Betty Hart placed a gloved finger over the elevator signal bell.

"No," she replied sweetly. "I have a date with Mr. Levis at that time!"

To a Certain Broadway Lady

By Tad King

*Lady, why struggle
To impress
All men with your
Dear loveliness?*

*Such charm is yours
Of breast and knee,
Your curves speak volumes,
Dear, to me.*

*You need not strive
To show you're nifty;
All men can read,
That, till you're fifty*

*You'll not be laid
Upon the shelf.
Relax, dear lady,
And be yourself!*



Virginia Stone

If you've seen the Marx Brothers in "Animal Crackers" you'll remember Virginia. If you haven't, there's no time like the present.

—WHITE, N. Y.



I went out on the first real party we've had this trip

Babe Of Broad's Way

DEAR BILLYE:

As the pickle said when the servant girl swallowed him: "I'm all in now."

Last night I made whoopee. I went out on the first real party we've had on this trip.

Here's how it happened. The manager passed the word to the six most beautiful shebas in the show, meaning Me, Ruby, Dolores, Trina, Gladys and Suzette, that we should hang around for a big night.

And at 11:30 a big shiny limousine pulled up in front of the stage door. Honest, it was the most gorgeous car I had ever seen. The only thing missing in it was a bathroom.

We all piled in and the chauffeur drove up over to a certain hotel.

"Say," I said to the manager, "I thought this was going to be a house

party."

"Don't worry," he said. "The hotel detective's name is Ethelbert. So figure it out for yourself. He is sleeping off a jag now. He got drunk from smelling some strong perfume. Everything is fixed and you can act natural. You just wait until you see the swells you're going to meet. Every one of them has more dough than Mr. United has cigars."

The manager took us to a room on the top floor where we dropped our cloaks. Then he took us into a swell dining room. The table was all set with mountains of food. It made you wish you had a stomach like a camel so you could pack away enough for a week.

Then he walked into another room and came back with our boy friends for the evening. It looked as if we

had gotten into an old men's home. Every one of them was gray haired. But outside of the electric signs on Broadway I never saw anything like those old birds. They were just plastered with diamonds. So I just knew the evening would be a success.

"The boys—the girls," the manager introduced us and beat it.

Each one of us girls grabbed the nearest jewelry store and marched to the table. O, what a meal that was. The noise of the champagne corks popping sounded like machine gun fire.

One guy filled his glass and stood up to make a toast.

"What is love?" he asked.

And another guy chirped, "It's a lot of boloney."

After the meal was over, the tables were taken away. Since our boy friends were society birds, politicians and big business men, there was no band. But they had a swell radio for dance music.

Frank, the man I picked, took me in his arms and started making whoopee. He squeezed me so tight I was worried about my meal.

"One minute, daddy," I said, "this is a free country and I don't object to the freedom of the press, but I've got some hand painted flowers on my dress. And you'll have a whole lot of

explaining to do when you come home with a couple of roses on your shirt and a couple of forget-me-nots on your pants."

He loosened up a bit and when the dance was over, he engineered me to a neat little corner sofa.

Right then and there I learned that my boy friend was a Judge.

He looked down at my shapely legs which were crossed and said, "I judge that your ankle is eight inches."

He put his fingers around it and shook his head.

"I'm wrong," he said, and handed me ten

dollars.

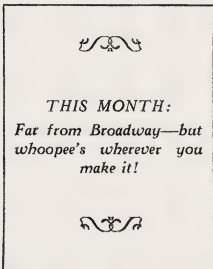
I wondered, was this a new game?

"I judge that your calf is twelve inches," he said next.

He measured it with his hands and shook his head.

"I'm wrong," he said and handed me another ten dollar bill.

Then he measured my knee and



was wrong again.

Well, I'll leave it to you, Billye, if the judge was willing to pay for his mistakes, why should I try to save him money? I was only sorry that I wasn't twins. I could have made four hundred dollars.

Some time later, while the judge was resting, I looked over and caught sight of Trina. She was disgusted. No wonder. Trina comes from Spain and she wasn't keen for the partner she had picked. He was an old fossil who had to take a pill every time he wanted to kiss her. Honest, the only thing that could help him would be dinosaur glands.

For some reason or other Ruby left the room. You remember Ruby. She's the bright jane who thought it would be a good idea to make pillows out of meat scraps. Well, Ruby sat down on a freshly painted real estate sign. And when she returned she was a scream. There was a sign painted on her "\$5 DOWN BUYS THIS CHOICE LOT."

Dolores picked a very rich bird. My judge told me that he made a fortune in banana peels. He put them under the feet of his rich uncles. Dolores has a very funny habit. When she sits in a rocker and starts laughing, she kicks her legs in the air. Well, the funny looking gook who was with her, learned about it. So he sat in front of her and kept telling her jokes all night.

Gladys picked a lemon. He looked

like the most henpecked man in the world. My judge told me that he went to a spiritualist to call his dead wife to find out if it was time for him to change to summer underwear.

Gladys opened her garter and asked him to tie it. It took a quart of champagne to revive him. They laid him on a couch and Gladys sat with him. She found that he was very uncomfortable because of bulges in his pockets. So she removed the bulges which happened to be two rolls of money. Gladys always likes to make old people comfortable.

Suzette is a little French girl with educated hips. She can lean her hip against a man and tell how much jack he has in his pockets. When Suzette came to this country, she immediately went to night school. And what do you think she took up? Business English. The man on whose lap she was sitting was a big manufacturer and I noticed that Suzette was talking business to him.

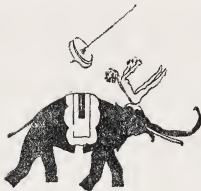
All in all we had a grand time. We girls went home alone. The men were carried home.

You ought to see the beautiful diamond ring I have. It's a surprise. Even the judge will be surprised if he ever sees it.

So long, Billy. Remember what they say in the Proverbs, "He who riseth late often finds that his watch and chain left early."

Financially yours.

Babe.





Passion

She licked his lips.

He seemed to like it.

*In fact he held up his mouth
for more.*

*Then he made at her and
began pawing her.*

She bit him.

*He threw her on the floor and
they rolled over.*

The tip of her pink tongue

showed.

*He was panting heavily. He
felt weak but happy.*

*Finally with a gesture of
abandonment, she fastened her
mouth to his throat.*

But she did it gently.

*You see a mamma dog never
hurts her puppy no matter
how hard they play together.*



Like the oyster with its hidden pearl, the girl who enters upon the life of Broadway uses every weapon to protect her greatest treasure—her freshness. What is her best weapon? Humor!

HOME life has always been considered a great protection to girls. And in this instance a popular belief is for once a great truth.

But in the show business it is almost impossible for the girls who participate to remain within the shelter of their homes. So many of the girls who take up a professional career come to New York, the center of stage activity, and go to Hollywood, the center of motion picture activity, from other places, that it would be out of the question to transplant so many homes.

Even the girls who actually do live in these places with their parents find it more convenient, for many

Early Too Wise

reasons, to sever the home ties. Many girls who arrive in New York seeking stage engagements are accompanied by their mothers, or the mothers

later join them from time to time; but even predominating mother love is sometimes overborn by other ties. Consequently parental association for a daughter on the stage can not become a permanent institution. There are a few notable exceptions—the mothers of Elsie Janis, Anna Wheaton and a few important players are known never to have let their daughters out of their sight in the theatre.

Deprived of the sheltering influences of

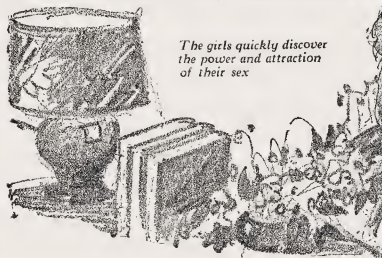
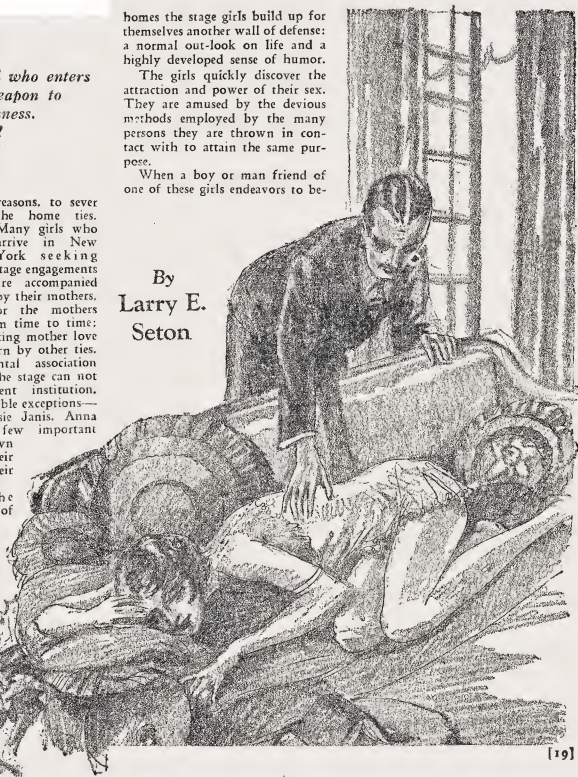
homes the stage girls build up for themselves another wall of defense: a normal out-look on life and a highly developed sense of humor.

The girls quickly discover the attraction and power of their sex. They are amused by the devious methods employed by the many persons they are thrown in contact with to attain the same purpose.

When a boy or man friend of one of these girls endeavors to be-

By
Larry E.
Seton

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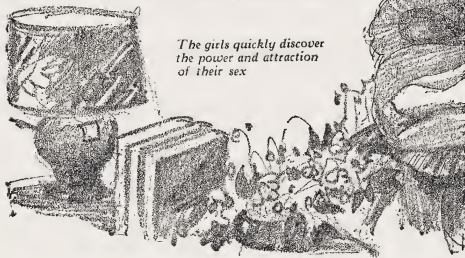
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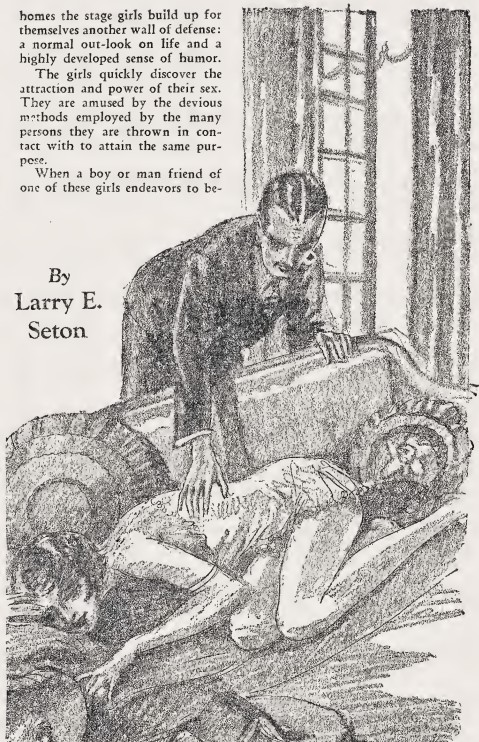


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come too affectionate, or 'fresh,' as the girls term it, very seldom do the girls affect an offended air. They understand human nature a bit better than the inhabitants of a sheltered home, and possibly that is the reason their company is sought to such a great extent. Instead of pretending injured dignity, they treat the situation in a common-sense way. They will probably laugh the man out of his attitude. There are exceptions, of course, but this is the average method of protection the stage girls assume.

One of the things that contributes most to a normal outlook upon life for these girls is the fact that they quickly discover the human body is not so sacred after all, as the literature that has been permitted them at home has led them to believe. It is a feeling and knowledge that has spread beyond stage life with the advent of more common sense introduced into these matters today.

Hardly a person past forty is without memory of the day when a dress lifted nearly to the knee on a rainy day made people turn around in the street. Persons of this age can recall vividly the time when a girl would give a little abashed scream of shocked modesty when she discovered her knees were showing in some unconventional pose. Those were the days of stockings and heavy baggy bloomers below the knees at bathing beaches.

The freedom that has come from one-piece bathing suits at the seaside and short-length street dresses was a part of the theatrical life many years before it reached the public. On this premise the stage folks are still a stride ahead of the public. Girls discover that though they pose on the stage and dance in only the covering Mother Nature provided for them, this does not result in ostracism by nice people, or friends. They learn that nothing vitally serious results from revealing the beauty which Nature has endowed

them with, and they do not take these revelations of the human body as seriously as the blushing youngsters of a previous generation.

They also encounter girls who have, who have had, or who are going to have husbands extremely fond of them despite the fact that these girls have lived an unconventional life. Either the men travel on the principle that what they don't know does not harm them, or else the men have greater faith than of old in the girls of today. In other words, while virtue is still held in high esteem, in stageland as elsewhere, it is not taken so seriously as to require undisputed proof as manifested in modes of living.

These general observations are offered as a preface to indicate how and why the girls of the theatre take up so freely and unhesitatingly the ways of living they do adopt.

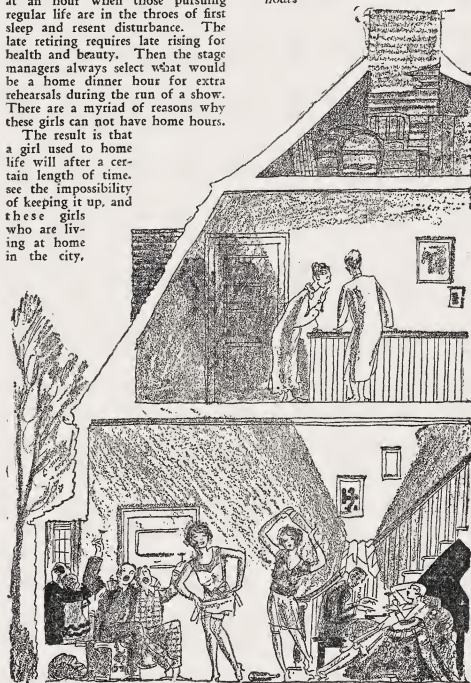
In the first place theatrical hours do not fit in with any other form of business or profession. During rehearsal periods the girls must be at the theatre or hall all day long, and towards the end of the rehearsals far into the night. During the shorter rehearsals they usually arrive home after the normal dinner hour. They have spent the day in leaping, jumping and rolling over a dirty floor, clad only in a bathing suit, rompers or some portion of their lingerie. They are tired and depressed by the accumulation of dust on their bodies. Their first desire is for a bath, and the next is for food, if they have not already eaten on the way to their home. And then—rest. Some of them are so particular that, tired as they are, they want to wash out the rehearsal clothes at once to have them ready for the next wearing. When the show is nearing the date of opening the rehearsals last far into the night. The average family would be in bed hours before the girls go home.

After the show is open the girls must be at the theatre at an hour

when the average family is just about completing dinner. They return from the theatre again nightly at an hour when those pursuing regular life are in the throes of first sleep and resent disturbance. The late retiring requires late rising for health and beauty. Then the stage managers always select what would be a home dinner hour for extra rehearsals during the run of a show. There are a myriad of reasons why these girls can not have home hours.

The result is that a girl used to home life will after a certain length of time, see the impossibility of keeping it up, and these girls who are living at home in the city,

The stage girl who tries to continue living at home soon sees the impossibility of the conflicting hours



will take for themselves a room near the theatre. They take up abodes in either a hotel, rooming house, or in apartments with other girls. They may visit home Sundays, but they are happier and better off with the freedom from home ties.

They are merely pretty little humans and they must have their relaxation and recreation—for they are all still quite young. They have boy friends, men friends and girl friends with kindred interests. They must exchange ideas and have friendships. They meet in little or big restaurants—some in night clubs. It would all look sort of off color to home folks. The girls know it is all innocent enough, to a very great extent, and here again is one of the reasons for breaking away from the parental roof. They can have their friends in rooms or apartments, make all the noise they wish in their youthful zest—enjoying life and not upsetting others. Besides it avoids a lot of unnecessary and uncalled for advice and paternal lectures.

It wouldn't sound so good to the half-sleeping parents to hear the boy-friends in the living room crying to the daughter and her girl friends to "pull in that dimpled thigh—it sort of got his mind off the business of mixing an iced horse's neck." The girls get reckless about showing their velvety skin in the freedom of their abodes, and still it is not going to wreck their lives. They are just like every other girl of normal development, fond of a little petting, and they enjoy it when the spirit moves them. About the theatre there is a trifle more familiarity than in the home. An arm around the waist, a hand on the shoulder, or a little close hug is not the signal for a slap in the face, or a call for help from the police. It means only friendliness, as a rule, and the same code prevails in the abodes of the girls.

The narrator can recall, on visits with shows to small towns, of life-long engagements being broken be-

tween young folks because one or the other of the engaged parties has been caught kissing or caressing another friend. In their little gatherings the stage girls will frequently dare their closest boy or man friend to kiss or do some other daring action of familiarity with a girl friend. They revel in the unconventionality of it. They feel that there is greater safety in general freedom. They also feel that a little testing once in a while makes their own associations more secure. They also know something that most home folks also know but are not ready openly to admit—and that is that most fidelity is a pretense. They acquire a supreme frankness through their wider education in matters of life and living, and a hearty dislike of pretense. They naturally hope and strive for fidelity, but they are not shocked into tragic consequences when they miss it—to them it was just a bad break.

The working girl and the average home girl have an instinct to hasten homeward the instant they are free to do so—the show girl is ready to find rest, relaxation or amusement right at hand. At the expiration of a rehearsal period she is willing to don a kimono and drop upon a bench in the green room, or the dressing room for an hour's rest before performance time. She is Johnny on the spot for a supper after a show if there is good company, an auto ride if it is a pleasant night, to some country club, or any other amusement that is at hand. The mid-night motion picture and vaudeville shows and other odd-hour performances are crowded with show beauties, very often, and their friends.

Another irregularity of show life is in the matter of dress. Ask the home girl to go somewhere requiring dress—evening attire—and she must make for home to don such clothes. Most of the chorus girls, and even principals, have evening gowns hanging in their dressing rooms, or have clothes for all occa-

sions scattered around in the rooms or apartments of friends. Or else they are ready to go anywhere, just as they are, if the escort is willing to accept them as they happen to be dressed at the time. While they attend many planned affairs—suppers at the hotels and such events—it is mostly impromptu and spontaneous social life.

The hours, the abodes and the ways of life of the theatrical girl may be subject to criticism according to conventional standards. However, a close inspection of it will show that it is merely a feminine adaptability prevalent since the days of Ruth, in Biblical history, who said: "Your ways shall be my ways and your people shall be my people," Or words to that effect.



MARY: "ABSOLUTELY NO! IT'S AGAINST MY PRINCIPLES."

JOHN: "THEN SUPPOSE YOU DROP YOUR PRINCIPALS AND SHOW A LITTLE INTEREST."

"Why did she jilt Tom, Dick and Harry?"

"Because her ambition is jack!"

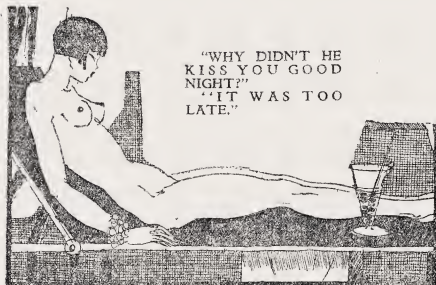
"Have you met my wife?"

"Not since we were divorced."

Dad: "My marriage was the result of a wager."

Dudley: "How so?"

Dad: "I bet my girl she wouldn't marry me—and she called me and raised me three."



"If you could get what you wished for, what would it be?"

"How can I tell you?"

"What do you think I suggested it for?"



AFTER THE ROAD TOUR

He: "Are you in town now for good?"

She: "Must I commit myself?"



"He's a civil engineer."

"Not when he's out with me!"

"MY GIRL KEEPS ME AT ARM'S LENGTH."

"HOW'S THAT? ISN'T SHE MODERN?"

"YES, SHE JUST WON'T LET ME GET AWAY!"

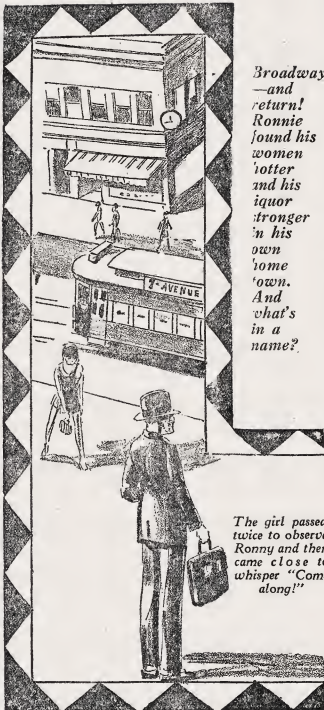


"Have a good time at the party?"
"So they tell me."

Ronnie Takes a Round Trip

YOU have heard about the big frog in the little pond? That was Ronny. As owner of a prosperous gas-filling station, and president of the Pondville, Iowa, chamber of commerce he enjoyed a position of affluence not excelled by any great city magnate.

But the chief source of the admiration and envy in which the other males of Pondville held Ronny was his success with the ladies. Although a married man, Ronny was not loath to amuse himself in a more or less legitimate



*Broadway
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Ronnie
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And
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*The girl passed
twice to observe
Ronny and then
came close to
whisper "Come
along!"*

By . . .

Mario Andrade

manly way. At least one widow in the town, and the milliner who came from Chicago at the beginning of the fashion seasons, were known to be his exclusive property; and male gossip—somewhat encouraged by Ronny—had it that other pickings were his at pleasure.

He wasn't so hard to look at: a big, strapping, blonde fellow of twenty-eight or nine, with a phlegmatic, easy manner, and a lazy smile. In the pool-room there were always a number of youths eager to lend him a cue or allow him to win a game—although, to do him justice Ronny did not need to be given many points. He was an excellent shot, spending most of his time in the pool-room practicing.

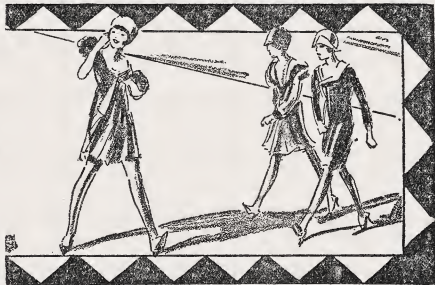
One day the news spread like wild-fire around Pondville that Ronny was going to New York. A long-promised visit to an uncle in Delaware was taking him East, and

Ronny purposed to visit the Great City on his way back. The Saturday night before his departure his visit was discussed at the pool-room.

"That boy will paint Broadway red," one lad said, who had been in the Army and was best qualified to make the assertion. He always gave the impression that lack of good looks, rather than technique, was the only thing that prevented him being the rounder Ronny was.

Further discussion was ended by the arrival of the devil himself. Ronny, however, was uncommunicative. He knew the value of silence in leading his admirers to think that he was contemplating all sorts of wickedness in the Big City. When pressed for details as to his plans, he remained reticent and plied his cue carefully: a mysterious smile told them more than mere words.

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"Oh, somewhere in the theatrical district," he answered carelessly. "I've a place in mind. No use in letting it get around, though."

There was a general sensual laugh at this. "Looks suspicious, Ronny. An actress, this time, eh?"

"Oh no," said Ronny, smiling at his lazy smile.

"Go on. Don't tell me there's no woman in it."

"No special one. Of course. I might play around the stage doors a little."

"You might! Ha ha!"

"Oh, Broadway's not so hot," said Ronny calmly.

"Not for you, anyhow."

A week later Ronny arrived in New York. It was about dusk when he reached the Pennsylvania Station, niftily dressed in a brown suit, yellow shoes, brown felt hat and brown tie. He clutched a yellow suit-case in his hand, and walked swiftly from the station without looking around, so that the porters should not suspect he was a stranger. It

happened that he came out on the Eighth Avenue side. Another group of porters at the entrance prevented his stopping to learn directions. He turned to the left, and started walking rapidly downtown. In a few minutes, as soon as he got his bearings, he could find his way about easily, he told himself.

As he walked, his confidence began to return. New York wasn't such a big place after all, he pondered. Why, these shops weren't any better than those at Pondville. At Twenty-Third Street he noticed several hotel sign-lights. One said "Rooms \$1 up." Ronny thought that would do, so

he entered and spoke to the desk clerk.

"Room 15," said he to the bell-hop. And to Ronny. "That will be one dollar. Will you pay now?"

Ronny paid, and
"I'll lead him
He was



"Say, bud, which way is Times Square?" he asked the bell-boy.

"That way—" the boy pointed to the north. "If you want the sub-way, go to Seventh Avenue."

"I'll do that," said Ronny. He lowered his voice. "How about getting a drink here?"

"Now," said the boy, "this is a family hotel." He nodded significantly towards the old couples in the lobby.

Ronny went into the street. He decided he would not take the sub-way after all, but would walk. The exercise would be good for him. At a lunch counter, which reminded him somewhat of Bill Eggum's place in Pondville, he stopped to have ham-and-eggs and French fried potatoes and coffee. This done, he continued his way north.

After what seemed a long walk

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had intended to get one, saying to the clerk that the room was only for the purpose of leaving his bag and washing up, perhaps winking in a knowing way; but the clerk had given him no opportunity to explain.

A few minutes later Ronny, freshly shaved and feeling much more at ease in the city, descended to the lobby where a few old couples were sitting around.

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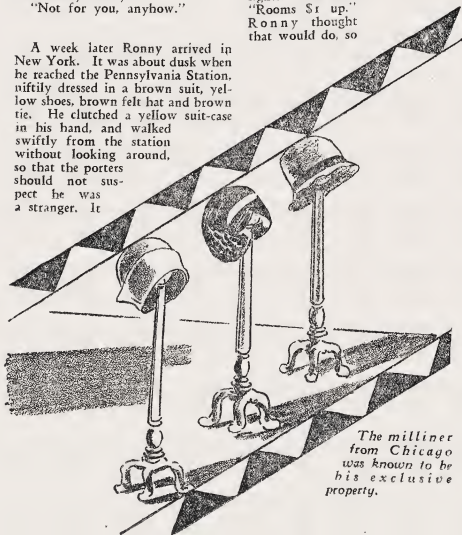
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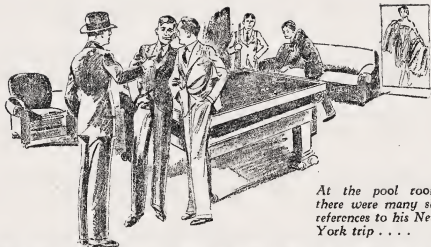
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to Ronny, he observed a very light district to his right. That must be Times Square. This was his hunting ground. But before he went over to give it a coat of red paint, he thought he'd stop at a little movie-house on Eighth Avenue to rest.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when Ronny left the movie-house. He mingled bravely with the crowds. No one seemed to notice him; everyone seemed intent on getting somewhere, on doing something. There was a great deal of street noise, but it was general, never intimate. Ronny felt isolated, and a little timid. He stopped at a cigar store to buy cigarettes he did not need, meaning to gossip a little with the clerk about women and liquor; but the clerk was so busy Ronny didn't get a chance to chat with him.

At the corner of Seventh Avenue and Forty-Second Street Ronny took up a stand with some other loiterers. After a while, his courage increased so that he was able to leer at passing girls. Most of them did not notice him; one or two glanced at him curiously, and one laughed!

After a long while a girl with short, black hair, sulky thin lips,

and rouged face, who passed twice to observe Ronny, came close to him with a whispered: "Come along!"

Ronny's heart gave a leap. Was adventure at last showing her shining face? But a look at the girl did not flatter him: She was distinctly a professional. Ronny hesitated.

He was very tired, and the girl did not in the least attract him. Yet, tomorrow he would be leaving New York, and it seemed awful not to have any sort of experience to tell them about at home.

The girl glanced back impatiently. Ronny caught up with her.

"What's the big hesitation?" said the girl in a hoarse voice. "Ain't you elemental?"

"I wasn't sure you meant me," said Ronny. "Treat 'em rough" was always his advice to his imitators in regard to handling women.

"My name's Dimples," said the girl friendly. "You've got a mission. The question is, where?"

Ronny was a little puzzled by Dimples' talk—she looked pretty thin, by the way, to be named Dimples—but he rose to the occasion and said in a masterful way:

"Where can we get a drink?"

"Canfarri's," said Dimples promptly, "and something to eat at the same time. I've got a vacuum."

At Canfarri's, a basement restaurant in the west Forties, Ronny had Italian wine. It tasted suspiciously like grape-juice diluted with rubbing alcohol, but he downed it successfully with many grunts about it being the "real stuff." Dimples made no comment, but continued to gaze at him with a dull eye while she ate spaghetti and drank black coffee. He was just another one.

The repast over, which was more useful than it was gay, Dimples powdered her nose and announced:

"Canfarri has rooms to rent '*pour un moment*' as the French say. Only three dollars. Mine's ten bucks."

"You bet." Ronny's heart sank, but he essayed a knowing wink.

"Payable in advance," said Dimples. She held out her hand in a business-like way. "So many of the boys try to beat me out of my wages," she explained.

Ronny put a bill in her hand which she deposited in her worn purse. She rose.

"Go on up," said Ronny. "I'll come as soon as I've had another drink." Dimples made no reply, and disappeared through a door in the back of the restaurant.

Alone at his table, Ronny began to be assailed by memories and thoughts. He had read a lot about panel robberies, blackmail schemes, and confidence games of all sorts as

practiced in this big city of crime. Ronny's hair stood on edge, and he almost bit his cigaret in two. He beckoned to the waiter.

"The bill," he said.

"Three dollars for the room," said the waiter, writing. "I'll put it all on here. It's No. 23."

The settlement effected, Ronny took his hat and departed. He left by way of the street. He did not stop walking until he reached his Family Hotel in Twenty-Third Street.

Ronny had a triumphant return to Pondville. His wife gave him a wan kiss, and announced that the doctor expected the new baby to arrive in two weeks. Under the circumstances, Ronny thought best to look up his widow: she embraced him passionately, and begged him to come to see her as soon as possible, as she could not live without him. The milliner was also in town, and gave him a cautious telephone call.

At the pool-room there were many sly references to his experiences in New York, to which Ronny maintained his same mysterious silence. The boys had an orgy of sublimation, in the midst of which, being pressed, Ronny observed carelessly:

"Oh, New York's not so hot."

"Not for you, anyhow," said the anaemic lad.

There was a general sensual laugh, and this time Ronny had the grace to blush.



"She'll make a fool out of you in two minutes."

"But those two minutes!"

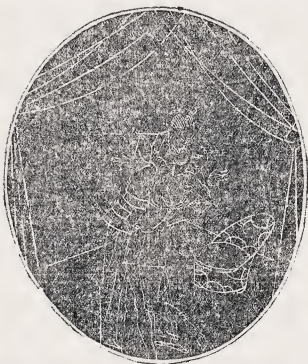
NOW With Sound

Her kisses were always
Intense, bizarre;
They won her a name
As a movie star.

In bygone days
She made us melt;
The warmth of her kiss
Was seen and felt.

But now with the talkies
Her osculation
Leaves not a thing
To imagination.

Her kiss, still
Passionate today
Is plainly *heard*
Half a mile away!



By NAT YOUNGER

"Why, you *are* a stranger," exclaimed the man in the red tie to the flapper also waiting on the corner of Broadway and Forty-Second.

"I think," she observed icily, "you have made a mistake. We have not met."

"Just what I said," he replied cheerfully. "You *are* a stranger."



"Paulette says love should last forever."

"She should know — she's been married four times."

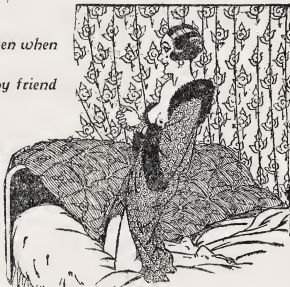
"You should count ten when tempted."

"But what if the boy friend doesn't wait?"



"My weakness is dark men."

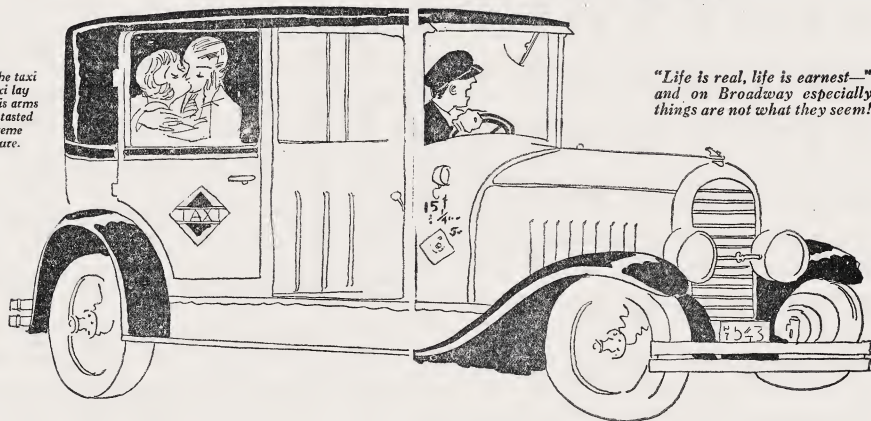
"Home to Harlem!"



Trixie Trumps

By . . .
Walt Wesley

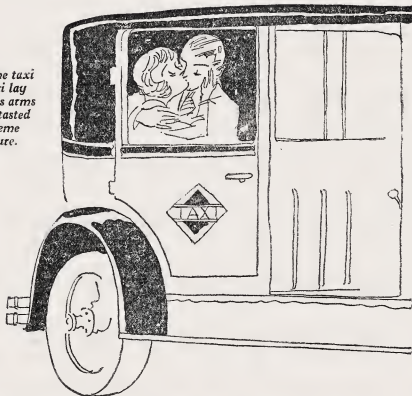
*In the taxi
Trixie lay
in his arms
and tasted
supreme
capture.*



*"Life is real, life is earnest—"
and on Broadway especially
things are not what they seem!*

Trixie Trumps

*In the taxi
Trixie lay
in his arms
and tasted
supreme
rapture.*



THEY were talking in the chorus girls' dressing room. Babe Lydon and Trix Turner. Babe, the shapely, the admired and the sought after. Trix, the little unsophisticated stranger to Luminous Lane.

Harry Calem's "Nifties of 1929" was Trix's first show, her first Broadway appearance.

"Kiddie," Babe Lydon was saying, "you can't fool me on a man. That party who's fussing around you strikes me as being a tin-horn. I think he's pegging a front. He looks like important cash but I'll bet he has no heels in his socks."

Trix shook a head as blonde as

filtered sunshine.

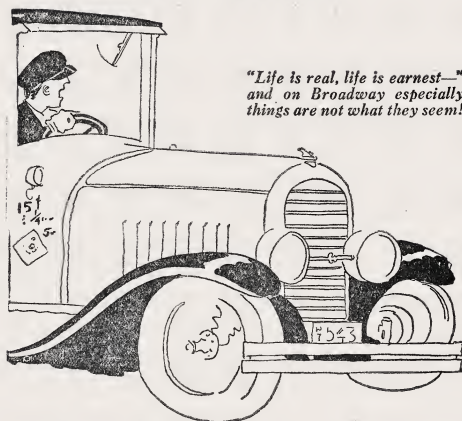
"No, you're all wrong. Babe. Larry wouldn't lie to me. He's a millionaire's son and he's worth all kinds of money. And I'm in love with him. I'm going to the Chorus Girls' Ball at the Prince Charles Hotel with Larry tomorrow night. To buy a dress I have to sell one of my dearest possessions. Do you suppose I'd do that if I didn't think Larry was on the square?"

"You're either insane or crazy. If this bim is so rich why doesn't he give you presents as well as presence? Answer me that."

Trix's brown, glowing eyes turned dreamy.

By . . .

Walt Wesley



"Oh, I'm to get a present tomorrow night. Larry promised and I'm so excited. I expect it will be something grand."

"A dish," Babe Lydon scoffed, "of wind pudding probably!"

But Trix was not to be discouraged. She had met Larry Rennick a month previous and in her heart she knew he was both wealthy and truthful. She was almost certain that she had fallen completely in love with him.

And Larry had invited her to the famous Chorus Girls' Ball. That was a thrill in itself.

Only—Trix had nothing to wear.

The morning after her conversation with Babe Lydon in the dressing room she delved into the depths of her trunk in the boarding house. Wrapped in tissue paper, in a square cardboard box, was the old-fashioned hammered silver bracelet her mother had left her. The bracelet had six small diamonds in it and as Trix looked at it she sighed. It was going to be hard to sell it.

Then she thought of the Ball, pictured Larry dancing with her and resolutely set out to sell the bracelet.

There was a small store on Fifty-first Street where a swarthy gentleman purchased jewelry outright for

cash. He offered Trix thirty dollars for the hammered silver bracelet with the six stones and finally,

actly how charming she was.

"Too bad you're wasting it all on that punk!" Babe Lydon said, with



She changed to a kimono and he drew her down to him.

when she saw she couldn't raise his figure a dollar, she gave a curt little nod and took the money.

The frock she purchased was apricot-colored. Once it had belonged to some actress. It had been discarded, dry-cleaned and priced at twenty-five dollars in the upstairs "slightly used" clothing establishment Trix knew all about.

When she put on the frock that night after the show all the girls gave her a big hand. It was really a dream of a dress. Excitement gave Trix both warm color and unusual vivacity. The mirror told her ex-

a shake of her head. "Some day you'll wake up, honey."

"I believe in Larry!" Trix replied loyally.

And when Larry met her at the stage door his admiration thrilled her pleasantly.

"You look like a wonderful dream, Trixie. The dress is marvelous. A beautiful girl in a beautiful frock. No wonder I'm proud and happy tonight."

All the way to the Prince Charles Hotel and its Venetian Ballroom, Trix's heart sang a lilting song.

The Ball was all that her imagin-

ation had pictured it would be. The first ladies and gentlemen of Broadway. Swooning lights. The persuasive voice of Old King Jazz. And Larry's arms, tight and warm about her!

Larry was making love to her in his ardent glances, in the touch of his hands and the thrill that came when their knees encountered. Through Trixie ran an ecstasy that seemed to lift her up to the stars. Joy swept across her like a perfumed breeze from southern seas.

It was after three o'clock when Larry got a taxi and took her up to her boarding house. All during the journey Trixie lay in his arms. She thought she had reached the very heights of happiness but when he kissed and caressed her she knew she had not tasted yet the supreme rapture of the world.

"I love you! I want to marry you!" Larry whispered huskily.

Trixie thought of Babe Lydon, of Babe's sarcasm and Babe's opinion of this youth who enfolded her in his embrace.

"You can support me, Larry? You can take care of a wife? You—you haven't been fooling me?"

He held her a little off from him and laughed.

"What kind of talk is that? Support you? I'll give you a Rolls to ride around in and a steam yacht. Have you forgotten all I've told you?"

"Not a word," Trixie murmured, cuddling close to him.

"By the way," he went on when the taxi reached the boarding house.

"I have a little gift for you. I've been keeping it as a surprise. I'll go upstairs with you and—I want to see how you like it. May I?"

The look Trixie gave him was his answer.

Quiet folded its peaceful wings over the boarding house. In her own room Trixie turned on the electricity and dusted off the best chair. She waited, all restless anticipation, but instead of talking about the gift, Larry took her in his arms again and showered burning kisses upon her.

"You're the sweetest thing that ever happened! You're going to be the most adorable little wife in the world!"

"And you're ruining my new dress!" Trixie murmured drowsily. "Do you mind if I take it off and put on a kimono?"

She changed to the kimono and waited for

Larry to give her the present. Instead, when she hinted vaguely, he drew her to him and buried his face in her lustrous golden hair. She could feel the quick, pulsing race of his heart and when she looked into his gray eyes Trixie was almost frightened by what she saw there.

"Larry! You musn't—"

"Kiss me!" he pleaded hoarsely. "Can't you see I'm burning up with love!"

The ball, the journey up in the taxi and now his soft amorous kisses seemed to steal Trixie's sanity. She only knew that she was being wafted away on some magical current. Thrills and chills pervaded her and she trembled when his arms tightened their embrace.

IN A NUTSHELL

"Bad weather."

"Rotten."

"How's your girl?"

"About the same."

Vainly, she sought to rout them, to defeat the snare that love was springing for her. The sweetness seemed to drag her down into fiery depths. Even Babe Lydon's worldly wisdom spent itself in the echoing corridors of her mind.

"Trix, sweetheart! I'll give you your present now! I bought it to-day! I ordered it weeks ago and had it made especially for you! We can try it on here and now and then—"

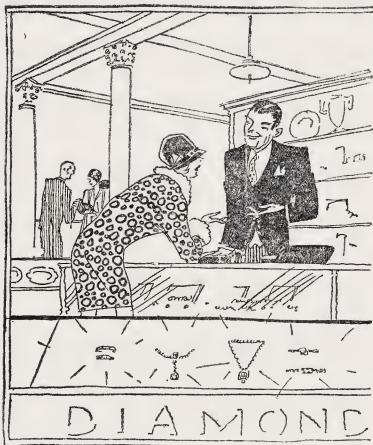
His words were like a hand that reached out and drew her back to safety from the brink she hovered so perilously upon. Trix opened her

slumberous, passion-filled eyes. She heard the crinkle of paper and saw what Larry had taken from his pocket.

"Oh, for me!"

Unsteadily, Trix opened the lid of the box and drew out the tissue enshrouded contents. Above all things she wished that Babe Lydon might have been there at that moment. Close to her, so close that she could feel his breath upon her neck. Trix heard Larry's whispering murmur.

"Ordered just for you, sweetie! Just for my own girl! Try it on and see if it fits!"



The swarthy gentleman in the jewelry store on Fifty-First Street offered her thirty dollars for the bracelet.

The last of the tissue was stripped away and at the same minute Trix felt something cold stab at her heart. For one incredulous, bewildered instant she seemed to know and understand a hundred things. She seemed to comprehend how correct Babe had been and what a fool she was to have taken Larry at his face value.

"Oh, you liar!" Trix heard herself saying.

His gasp echoed the angry tremble of her words. The love that had pressed down upon them vanished like mist before a summer sun.

Larry caught her arm.

"What do you mean—liar? I have your present designed and made to order and I spent a young fortune on it. And you—"

With a scornful gesture Trix held up the hammered silver bracelet with the six stones she lifted out of the tissue paper.

"You ordered it? You designed it!" she cried tensely. "You're a four-flusher and a tin-born instead of a millionaire's son! I sold that bracelet this morning myself for thirty dollars!"

"ISN'T IT DREADFUL! WHERE CAN HE FIND SUCH GIRLS?"

"I WAS WONDERING TOO," ANSWERED HER HUSBAND SOLEMNLY.



Birdie Sang the Wrong Song

HARRY DARRELL, the Palace headliner, was standing on the corner of Broadway and 46th St. making talk with his friend,

get married in the fall."
"It's all off now," Harry answered.
"Since when?"

"Since last Sunday when we took a hike in the woods out on Long Island."

"What happened?"

"It was this way," Harry said.

"After we had hiked about two hours, we sat down and ate our lunch. Birdie felt tired and told me she was going to take a nap. I had no objections because I was anxious to read the papers."

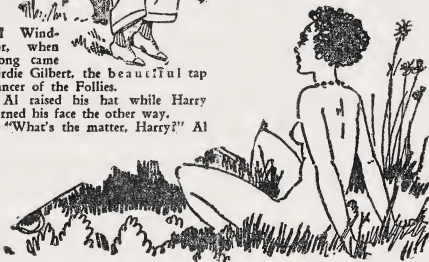
"Just a minute," Al inter-



Al Windsor, when along came Birdie Gilbert, the beautiful tap dancer of the Follies.

Al raised his hat while Harry turned his face the other way.

"What's the matter, Harry?" Al



asked. "I noticed that you didn't raptured. "You're not talking to a give Birdie a tumble. Aren't you judge, Harry. I'm your pal. Tell swapping kisses any more?" me the truth."

"No, sir."

"I am," Harry said. "When

"But I thought you were going to Birdie fell asleep. I read the papers.

Now comes the whole cause of the trouble. Right near where Birdie slept was the stump of a tree standing up in the air about six feet. It probably had been hit by lightning. When I leaned my back against it, I didn't notice that the stump was rotten and the darn thing gave way and fell right on top of Birdie."

"That's terrible."

"Yes, my heart was in my mouth. I thought she was killed."

"But she's strutting around all right now," Al said.

"Sure. It didn't hurt her at all."

"I'm glad to hear that. But I

guess she must have sworn like mad."

"No, she didn't," Harry said.

"That's impossible. She must have said something, didn't she?"

"Sure, and that's why I gave her the air."

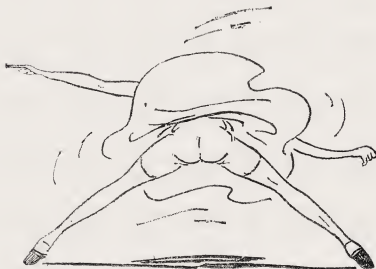
"Say, Harry, you've got a lot of crust. It was all your fault and then you turn around and give her the air because she said something."

"Why the deuce shouldn't I?" Harry snarled. "When the tree trunk fell on her, she yelled out in her sleep:

"'Be careful, George, you're crushing me.'"

"Why was George Washington such a great hero?"

"Because he was honest about his love of cherries!"





CENTRAL HEATING

Cora: "What do you think of petting?"

Mary: "I can take it or be left alone!"

"How does he live?"

"Writes."

"What?"

"Home."



Him: "Women can't be trusted far."

Her: "And men can't be trusted near!"





Treasure Girl

That is, she's one of the optical treasures in the Broadway hit of that name. Wilma Roeloff's her own.

—DE BARRON, N. Y.

MAKING ends meet has always been a feminine job. Every person can look back on their girlhood or boyhood days and recall the little economies practiced by mother to give her children a few more luxuries than father's income would provide.

Broadway columnists and wise-



crackers tell the chorus girls Dumb Doras and similar suggestive names denoting numb skulls, but it is always the woman who devises a way to tide the team over a lean period of luck when a vaudeville act is in sore straits.

On an average, 999 out of every one thousand girls on the stage are providing against the future by extra earnings, or else they are preparing themselves by lessons and extra rehearsals for greater earning power at a later time. There comes to mind the case of a girl in one of the big hits last season who started giving instructions in dancing to one of the more backward girls of the company at fifty cents per lesson. The instructor had had the advan-



GOLD AS CHARITY

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*Pity the poor show
twenty-four hours a
her chorus income.
extra money?*



*To the show girl, life is just
a series of dressings and
undressings from night till
morning*



*girl, who must toil
day to supplement
How does she earn
Read on!*

tage of thorough instruction from a dancing master of foreign origin. Within a week a dozen other girls noting the improvement in the first lone pupil, had enrolled in the class. Within a month more than half the girls in the company were donning practice rompers or bathing suits, voluntarily, three times a week, and paying the fifty cents for instructions. 'Teacher,' as the girls dubbed the impromptu instructor,



was enjoying an income from her class of more than her chorus girl salary.

Of course, if the teacher had been burdened with the rent of a studio the enterprise would not have been so profitable. But that is just where the girls, who seem poorly informed on academic subjects, display their nimble wittedness. They are oppor-

tunists, and take advantage of the opportunities at hand. The girl instructor could take hold of the pupils' legs and other members freely, and in that way she made quicker progress with the students than could a male dancing instructor. She not only had the free use of the stage as a class room, but she could quickly

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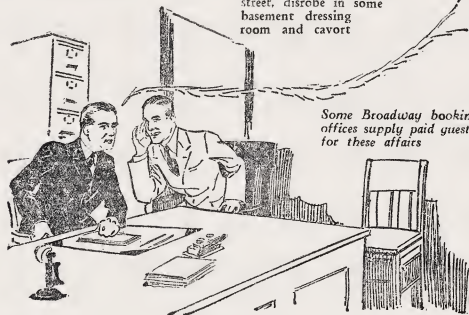
One of the most frequent means of supplementing a chorus income is cabaret work. The night club shows do not start until about midnight when the girls are all free. There are no afternoon shows in the night places and if the girls can get along with little sleep they can easily work in two places. As most of the girls are youthful, to start with, they seldom feel any fatigue from the double duty. However, several of the leading producers like Earl Carroll, Florenz Ziegfeld and Schwab and Mandel have taken cognizance of these conditions: they pay the girls a maximum salary with the understanding that they are to work at no other public place.

There is a purely business reason for this magnanimity. The girls attract more than half the business into the theatres

housing girl shows. It is extremely difficult to obtain exceptional beauties with the quality of attraction. The producers figure that if the girls can be seen at close range, or for less admission charge, the public which pays \$7.50 and \$8.60 to view them in the theatre is going gradually to drift away from the theatre habit.

In most of the shows public opinion and the censors keep the girls more or less fully covered and draped. In the night club shows there is a trifle less decorum in the matter of dress. The clubs have less at stake, as well as having fewer visits from persons likely to register complaints about nudity. The managers reason that such close-range appearances in more revealing raiment make their girls appear common in the public eyes.

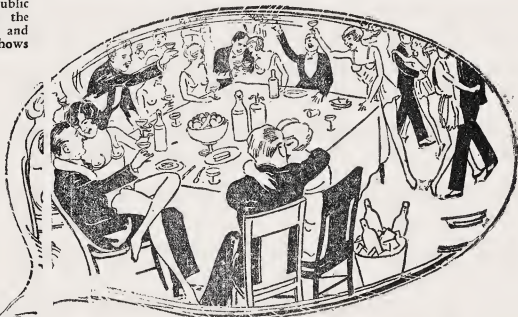
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Gold as Charity

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Then there is modeling for dress and cloak houses, but very few of

way a certain number of booking offices which make a practice of furnishing shows and entertainments for private affairs. These same offices supply hostesses, or paid guests for parties and banquets where the men are out more for a good time than sociability. The entertainers at such affairs are beyond the reach of spectators, as a rule, and are in a strictly legitimate line of work. Many such affairs are quite legitimate.

Others are mainly orgies and only seasoned, hard-boiled girls are sent to them—or are willing to attend them. It is a great attainment for a booking manager when he can get a lot of fresh new faces at one of these events.

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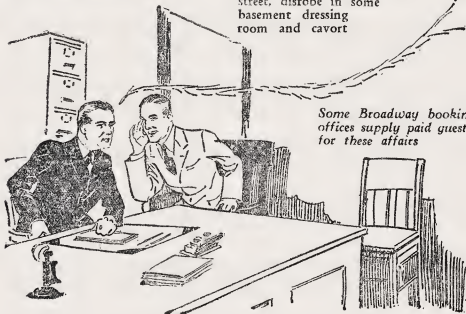
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ducement to the girls to mingle in the affair. The party is probably as circumspect as though presided over by chaperones—in fact some of the college organizations do provide matronly chaperones. Possibly the matrons are hoping to be shocked, but at any rate all the atmosphere of respectability is in evidence. How the girls hear about and encounter this particular kind of employment is a mystery known only to themselves.

Another means of earning pocket-money is by the sale of articles among members of their own company. It is an established rule in all theatres to prohibit soliciting of business backstage. The manufacturer of some new cosme-

Half the photographs in magazines giving alluring glimpses of patent girdles, are posed by Broadway beauties



tic, toilet requisite or dress novelty will cultivate the acquaintance of some one girl, supply her with attractive samples, and in a short time she is taking orders, as a friend, for delivery from the wholesale place. It is a racket, but no one can blame

the girl for turning such an honest penny.

One of the surest ways in the world to set a fashion or fix a novelty upon the public is to supply a certain few girls in each of the current musical companies with the novelty. A girl of great beauty carrying a stuffed puppy-dog as a change purse is sure to attract attention to the article. There are many things fixed in the public mind through this medium. Girls of experience demand more than a mere present of one of the articles for this service.

By modeling shoes, stockings and hats—that is photographically by means of which the new styles are exploited—quite a few of the girls in each company acquire these articles gratis. Other articles of dress are acquired in the same manner, but to a lesser degree. A girl in a show takes a lot of pride, too, in participating in a



scheme whereby new fashions and new styles are set. She feels as though she were becoming a person of affairs.

More than half the photographs in magazines giving little glimpses of smooth pink flesh between a new patent girdle and the opera-length hose, and similar alluring pictures in the advertisements, are posed by the girls from shows. If the girl has not had the approval of her producing manager for the work she knows cunning ways of changing her appearance. A new head dress gives a girl a wholly different appearance. Sometimes they resort to wigs.

Every so often a big department store will turn to the theatre for aid in revitalizing business. The store will stage a big fashion parade or a series of personal appearances of beauties for a certain purpose. The girls are paid liberally for this work. And when the manufacturers of underwear, dresses, coats or any article of apparel hold their annual meetings or conventions it is to the stage that they turn for rejuvenating interest in their lines. The big meeting or the big banquet winds up with a bevy of show beauties in attendance. The girls have no other interest than the sum paid them for attendance upon such an event. They

snag a few numbers, partake of a sumptuous repast, as recorded in the news sheet, and deposit in the bank the next afternoon, a crisp new \$20-bill.

Of course these extra acquisitions are confined to the girls of experience who are wholly self reliant. Youngsters still living at home are content with the glamour of the show life. But gradually the newcomers are drafted for the extra work that falls to their lot and then they begin to look for it.

In every instance the extra income herein mentioned is thoroughly legitimate and respectable. There are a few shady ways of earning extra money, practiced by a slim minority to which it is better not to refer in detail. A certain type of promoter makes a practice of cultivating the friendships of several attractive girls. He spends lavishly upon the girls, and, to their bewilderment, exacts no return in personal attention. But eventually when he has the girls completely sympathetic he brings on investors, or 'suckers,' he hopes to trim. The girls are expected to place the victim in a receptive state of mind—possibly compromise him to the point where he can hardly avoid investing in the enterprise of the mutual friend.





Now You Know She Wears Them

'Anklets. As an attention caller, we personally consider them entirely superfluous.

--DE MIRJIAN, N. Y.

The Same Old Story

Look away, Temptation!
Don't come close to me,
I am very prone to fall,—
Better hear my plea.

Fade away, Temptation!
I have no resistance,
As a few have learned.
Where a girl's concerned

To the most divine of lips
I must close my eyes,
Shun the curve of lovely breasts,
Tempting knees and thighs.

I must prove indifference
Beyond a shade of doubt;
But what's the use of trying,
I know I can't hold out!



B r o a d w a y



Briefs

By THE BROADWAYFARER



with Olive Borden

LOOK! This is what we saw in the blazingest of mazdas above a movie palace in Fordham:

Richard Dix in *Warming Up*
Virgin Lips

a smart after-the-theatre rendezvous, in which the stars of the Ziegfeld companies will make their appearance. Joseph Urban has designed the scenery and George Olsen and his twenty-four piece orchestra supply the music. Olsen and the orchestra are also in the current entertainment downstairs in the New Amsterdam — "Whoopee."

Have you heard about the part that Peggy Joyce will play when her new play gets started Broadwaywards? Well, according to the press agent, it seems that the fair Peggy will adorn a bed while her seven lovers (in the comedy) fight about her!

The latest change in the aspect of Broadway is the vanishing of the Frolic Theatre which has always been atop the New Amsterdam Theatre. It has now made way for

Oh, yes, and there's still another change that Broadway regulars will notice—particularly those familiar with the region back of the stage of Earl Carroll's theatre.

"Stage Entrance of the Earl Carroll Theatre! Here enter the most beautiful girls in the world."

And backstage there is another which reads:

"I would rather you were less talented than less loyal."

Ann Pennington, she of the knees, has amusing experiences upon being

introduced to strangers which she maintains are confined to herself. For instance, just the other day Ann had presented to her a somewhat elderly gentleman (?), who, immediately he heard her name, got out a pair of specs from his pocket.

Like all his masculine predecessors he then proceeded to give the fair Ann's knees the once-or-more over. Murmuring his gratification at meeting her, he inspected carefully the famous dimples. Ann meanwhile good-naturedly submitting to the inspection.

Finally she said:

"It's lucky you brought your glasses."

"Hell!" exploded the man, "lucky, I should say not! To-day I only brought my specs instead of my magnifying glass!"

* * *

Percy Hammond, the critic, has made his name known for his consistent panning of pretty nearly every show he reviews. In consequence of this, there grew up a feud between the critic and a certain producer which recently has been dropped and a reconciliation effected.

It seems that Hammond's first review after the reinstatement finished up like this:

"After reading over my report I see that I have disliked everything—except the chorus girls' knees—and there nature has anticipated me!"

* * *

Vera Knight of vaudeville is a girl with a sense of humor.

When it came time to sign her new contract recently she was asked how she would like to be billed—with the suggestion that a name with a foreign sound always went better with the audience.

"Very well," replied Vera, "make it Knightoff!"

It all goes to illustrate the oldest principle in the theatrical business.

No dyed-in-the-wool trouser ever does anything



to let the show down, regardless of their personal feelings. It is so in a certain new play now running on Broadway.

The leading lady and the leading man have ceased to speak to each other. This was not the case when the play opened, but since the quarrel occurred, they have been ignoring each other on the street. But in the play!

That's different. Kisses, torrid embraces, all the symptoms of red-hot romance are shown the audience nightly from behind the foot lights.

And no one would ever suspect that just before the curtain rings up the leading man smears his lips with garlic!

If You're Broadway Bound—

Take a tip from readers of *BROADWAY NIGHTS* and follow their advice when selecting a show for that evening you plan. Each month the best letter received is published for the guidance of both out-of-towners and others who want to know what's what among the bright lights.

FIVE DOLLARS

Send in your account of the best night you've spent on Broadway this month and perhaps your letter will win the prize offered by *BROADWAY NIGHTS* each month. Letters should be four hundred words in length, signed with the name and address of the sender, and addressed to the "Editor, Broadway Bound Contest," care of this magazine.

Everyone is eligible.

This Month's Prize-Winning Letter

BY ALMA E. JARDEN

RUTLAND, VT.

IF it's a musical comedy mood you're in, got to see "Treasure Girl."

Personally, I thing Gertrude Lawrence is in a distinct class by herself. This English star has a personality not duplicated on our stage. She is preeminently "attractive," which in her case is translated to mean lovable.

"Treasure Girl" is of course built around its star, to whom it gives some spots that are memorable. A masculine audience will appreciate

the grace and beauty of Miss Lawrence, a feminine one will feast upon her gowns — oh, that ostrich ensemble in the last act!

Mary Hay and Clifton Webb provide the comedy. Also some snappy dance numbers.

And speaking of dancing, no show now on Broadway has a better trained beauty chorus. Each girl is pretty as well as being a lively stepper. In fact, I was told to go and see "Treasure Girl" because its chorus was Hot!





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Womanhood Facts	Love Rights of Women
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